

THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

NO. 178.

VOL. IV.

MEREDITH, N. H., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

MARJORY MAY.

Marjory May came tripping from town, fresh as a pink in her trim white gown. A picture was Marjory, slim and fair, with her hair in a soft, wavy, golden ringlet, and down the green lace where I chanced to stray.

Just by accident, Marjory May. Marjory May had come out for a stroll. Past the gray church and round by the toll, perhaps by the wood and the wishing-stone, there was sweet Marjory tripping alone. "May I come too? now don't say me nay." "May as you please," laughed Marjory May.

So it fell out that we went on alone, round by the wood and the wishing-stone; and where I wished the wish of my life—Wished that sweet Marjory May were my wife, "The I love you so dear, is it true or nay?" "Come, answer me quickly, sweet Marjory May."

Marjory stood, not a word did she speak. Only the red blood flushed in her cheek. Then she looked up with a grave, sweet smile. (The flush dyed out of her face the while), "Like you a man, but not in that way, 'till she is John," said Marjory May.

Years have rolled on since that fair summer's day. Still I'm a bachelor, old and gray. Whenever I take my lonely stroll Round by the wood, and back by the toll, I pass by the house where her children play: For John has married sweet Marjory May.

ALLAN'S TEMPTATION.

BY ETHEL GRACE KENNETH.

"What a splendid view! How kind you were to bring me up here, Allan!" A grim, rocky region in the early spring; yet below, a graceful, steel-blue river, bound by verdant pines, and a stately gray house among its terraces upon the banks. The house was peculiar in its architecture, as well as its soil. Under and Innocence Adair's blue eyes, after wandering over the landscape, came back to it.

"That is a handsome place!" Her companion, a handsome, stalwart fellow, in a miner's suit, seemed averse to replying. But his grave face grew gloomy to severity.

"Do you know who lives there, Allan?" The young man spoke with reluctance. "No one at present, I believe."

After a moment, he added: "It is the Earle Place."

The girl looked up at her companion quickly. "Our landlady told me its history yesterday," she said. "How the owner, General Earle, died there, last fall; that his only child had married against his will; that he received her child when she died, yet always hated the father, who was never allowed to see the boy, who grew up quite perfect, yet his grandfather quarreled with him on his dying bed, and left his beautiful estate to the daughter of a brother, whom he had not seen since infancy."

The young man's grave, blonde face was a study in the play of emotions as he looked at the girl.

"Did she tell you what the quarrel was about?" "She did not know."

Allan Fairlie spoke slowly: "The father was a good, but unfortunate man. He gave up the boy with reluctance, at the prayer of his dying wife. He deprived himself of his child's love; through all his humble but upright life he lived solitary. But when the son was of age, he made himself known to him. The two men came to love each other. The grandfather had never shown affection for the boy, whose heart starved in his breast through all his youth for a little love."

Allan Fairlie paused; then went on again: "His father had been a miner in his youth. He returned to a superior branch of it in his old age, and stationed himself near his boy. There was no hope that the grandfather would relent, but this made the two dearer to each other. Then came the old man's long, last sickness. He called his grandson, and bidding him repudiate his father's name, and take his, informed him that he had made him his sole heir."

"Do you know what he did then?" "Joined his father, went into the mines, and worked with him."

"He was very brave. The grandfather was unreasonable, cruel."

The young man hurried away from the rock against which he had been leaning.

"Perhaps he came to something of that belief, for a codicil was added to the will, bequeathing Riverside to him in case of his cousin's death. But come, Innocence—it is going to rain; you cannot sketch here to-day."

The girl glanced up at the sky; then took up the satchel, containing artistic materials.

"I can come up here another time," she said.

"Do you know what he did then?" "Joined his father, went into the mines, and worked with him."

"He was very brave. The grandfather was unreasonable, cruel."

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"Do you know what he did then?" "Joined his father, went into the mines, and worked with him."

"He was very brave. The grandfather was unreasonable, cruel."

Earle carriage in at the foot of the hill," he thought one day. "Hunt, boys! Call to her! Warn her off!" he was saying as he took off his coat.

"Allan, my boy, you cannot do it. The fate is almost at the top, and the horse has a long run," said his father, catching his arm.

"Lord, yes, sir! You'd get there only in time to share her fate," said a young man, pushing his hat against Allan's breast, to enforce attention. "She can hear the callin' and yellin'."

There's time enough for her to get out of the way. You'll get yourself hurt bad, sir."

It was only an instant of time that Allan lingered, looking at the motionless figure upon the hill.

The girl wore a gray dress, and a white flower in brown braids looped up under a jaunty hat of black velvet. His grandfather's hearse! Only one little instant he lingered, but in that brief time Satan made a bid for his soul.

"She does not heed—she does not understand!" he cried, his voice breaking strangely.

Then he was off. He was a swift runner. He had a powerful voice, too, and he used legs and lungs with the power of desperation. The distant shouting had failed to attract the girl's attention; but as Allan came across the field, she turned her head and looked at him.

In that instant his voice failed him; but his wild leaps brought him to her side.

"Innocence! are we too late?" His cry, as he snatched her up, was ambiguous; but she grew white. She clung about his neck. Speechlessly he bounded down the rocks she had lately climbed so leisurely. Roots and branches snapped under his strong tread. Once he slipped, and it seemed as if they would be whirled to the bottom; but claspings his precious burden tighter, Allan Fairlie bounded to the hill's foot, and springing into a cave, lost his footing at last, and fell, as the whole world seemed drowned in the voice of the explosion.

He was a poor and homeless man. He had no wish to wed one he loved to such misfortune. What would any woman gain by giving up her freedom and independence to marry him? He could not support a wife in comfort. He would never ask this girl to live on a miner's wages.

How lovely she was in the Sunday calm of the next day, walking slowly along the pretty path of the old garden, among the tall red hollyhocks, in a dress of simple white, with ribbons to match her eyes!

He walked by her side. The attention with which he regarded her did not compose her. It was part of Innocence's charm that she seemed quite unconscious of her beauty, and unaware of its effect upon others.

"Have you heard the news," she asked—"that the heiress of the Earle place is going to take immediate possession?"

"I had not heard." And added, "It does not matter to me."

But something mattered. He sat down wearily when she sat down at a rustic seat under an old tamarack tree.

The housekeeper told Mrs. Lord, our landlady, that they were expecting Miss Earle this week. But perhaps you do not like to talk of this?"

"I do not!" he answered, briefly. He missed her glance of sympathy, but he felt that she pitied him; yet, she could not know how the world seemed chaos about him.

Would he had never been born if the best things of life—affection, home, wife—must be denied him. He loved this girl; he would love no other, and he could never call her his. Yet, the grave, reticent face of Allan Fairlie betrayed little.

Day by day he fought his fight. This Miss Earle, this unknown cousin of his—how fortunate was she!

He recollected that he would be expected to call on her. Ah, that was asking too much! Though he needed no more anger against her. He had heard that she had been poor. He believed she was an orphan. Yet, she was fortunate.

Round and round went the weary circle of thought. There was nowhere any relief but in the depths of toil in the mines. Physically wearied, he would spend his nights in sleep instead of thought.

At length came the day appointed for blasting the huge mass of rocks which obstructed the opening of another shaft. The task was his, and the trust an important one.

The train was laid and the locality cleared. No need to warn those who were familiar with the danger of such an explosion, but a lookout must be kept for persons unconscious of the peril.

Yet all seemed as it should be. The red spark was creeping up the hill on its way to the powder-filled drills. The explosion would come, and no one was liable to be hurt by the flying fragments of rock.

Gathered in knots at intervals of safe distances, the men waited for the terrific blast.

Suddenly a hand grasped Allan's arm. "Look there, boy!" whispered old Mr. Fairlie, hoarsely.

Allan followed his father's pointing finger to the top of the hill.

A woman's figure stood there. Allan did not know whom it was. He only saw that she had come over the hill from the other side, and pausing, had turned to look back over the landscape. He saw, too, that the other men had come to around him.

"It's General Earle's heiress. The

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A CURIOUS KIND OF WIND, which grows in the Arkansas Valley has often proved misleading to sportsmen. It is shaped like a ball and varies in size from one foot or less in diameter to five or six feet, some specimens being as tall as a man. It grows upon a small stem, which is, however, stout enough to bear the mass till it has ripened and dried, when a puff of wind will blow it over and snap the slender support. Then it is that every gust of wind sends it rolling over the prairie, bounding over bushes and rocks with the greatest elasticity and lightness. When the wind is strong and high these tumbling weeds present a most peculiar appearance as they bound from rock to rock, and in more than one instance hunters have mistaken them for lions and felt considerable irritation at the impossibility of bringing them within range of their guns.

SOME SIXTY YEARS SINCE a Bank of England £5 note was paid into a Liverpool merchant's office in the ordinary course of business. On holding it up to the light to test its genuineness, the cashier saw some faint red marks upon it. Examining them closely, he traced some half-faded lines between the printed lines and upon the margin of the note, written apparently in blood. After a long and minute scrutiny he made out the words: "If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Long-hill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers." The merchant immediately communicated with Mr. Dean, and he lost no time in bringing the matter before the Government. Inquiries were set on foot and the unfortunate man was discovered and ransomed. He had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers for eleven years, when the message he had traced with a splinter of wood dipped in his own blood reached the Liverpool counting-house. Liberty, however, came too late; the privations and hardships of the galley had sapped his strength, and although he was brought home to England, it was but to die.

JOSEPH MEDILL, EDITOR OF THE Chicago Tribune, testified before the Senate Committee as follows: "The cause of the poor condition of our laboring classes is their own improvidence. Many laboring men are drinking men, and fail to save money on this account. The amount spent yearly for liquors in this country is \$400,000,000; for tobacco, \$100,000,000. The greater part of this comes from the laborers. No legislation can improve this state of affairs. But legislation can do something for the improvement of tenements. The habitation of the laboring man is unfit to live in. Commercial clerks," he added, "are the poorest paid class of men in Chicago. For the most part they are farmers' and mechanics' sons, who are too proud to do manual labor, and find their way to the cities. But the boy of to-day does not have a chance. He cannot learn a trade because there are three influences at work to keep him out. First, he is not taught at home the true dignity of labor; second, the trades unions keep a boy out of their organization, and hence out of the trade; third, proprietors of shops will not let their skilled workmen devote their time to teaching boys the trade."

A REMARKABLE RATE OF REE recently took place in an English aviary. It was noticed that there was a great upsurge in one of the hives. Closer inspection showed the ground below the hive to be covered by several hundred dead drones, and hives of theirs were still being brought to the entrance and bundled out by the workers—generally by being seized behind the head and dragged along to the exit, where, as a kind of farewell, a sting was given to them. Examination of the slain revealed the fact that they had been severely handled—many were headless, others had lost legs or wings, or both, and all bore evidence of rough usage. That the bees were very much the superior force was shown by the fact that only about fifty of them had fallen in the fray. The battle had raged from about seven in the morning to about seven in the evening, and seemed then to end only with the utter annihilation of the drones.

A FISH STORY EVEN THAN that which came from Malifax a few weeks ago about the wrecked bark Britannia being left to her fate by a vessel which approached and then sailed away from her while she was making signals of distress, is now told by the captain of the wrecked bark Lizzie, who, with his crew, was rescued from open boats at sea by a sailing vessel. He says that while his vessel was in a sinking condition, and the crew were working for their lives at the pumps, five steamers passed so close that they must have heard his guns and seen his signals of distress, and yet took no notice of them. No writer of sea yarns would have dared to tell so foul a story, and the worst of this is that it is true.

A CONSUMMATION OF THIS August, Gen. Constitutionist, writing from Halifax, N. S., says: "Halifax is delightfully situated on a peninsula composed almost wholly of rock. At the water's edge along the harbor the harbor is comparatively level. From the harbor the town is built on an ascent that rises gradually to the citadel, 300 feet above mean tide. It is the strongest fortified town in America. Besides the citadel every important point on the main land is fortified, and the harbor islands are crowned with important fortresses. It is one of the principal naval stations of Great Britain on the western continent. Frequently a number of British war vessels under command of an Admiral are in the harbor. The sentiment of the place is British."

RECORDS SEEM TO indicate that which is told us by word or mouth is far more potent

IN A WESTERN DESERT.

What a German Farmer has Done Out in Washington Territory.

Probably the most forlorn, hopeless-looking place for the agriculturist on the whole line of the railroad is Ainsworth, on the Snake river, in the southeastern part of Washington Territory. The town is an unthrifty collection of unpainted shanties. The population largely consists of stranded roughs, harlots, Chinamen, and hogs. The decent people you meet are overtaxed to have you understand that they do not belong to Ainsworth. One of the first men I encountered on the street was a Chinaman with his throat half cut. He was looking for the sheriff. The streets are a mixture of dust and sand, ankle deep except where they are paved with old playing cards and broken whisky bottles. In every direction from the little settlement stretch for miles dreary plains of the same mixture of dust and sand, covered with sage bushes. Every-thing is dry except the river. That rushes along past the town as though it were ashamed to stay in such company. It was the 10th day of September when we were in Ainsworth. There had not been a drop of rain since the beginning of May.

I speak particularly of Ainsworth, because, as has been said, there is not a spot between Fargo and Portland which in appearance is less inviting to the farmer. The outlook is simply disheartening. The town is a railroad settlement, owing its existence to the fact that a big bridge is building over the Snake river at that point.

A year or two ago it occurred to a German blacksmith named Schumann, who had found it hard to support his wife and children at the East, that this Sahara, studded with sage brush, might not be so bad as it looked. He took up a quarter section of sage and sand, and bought some adjoining land of the same sort from the railroad company, paying the lowest price on the schedule, \$2.60 an acre. Then he began to try to raise crops without artificial irrigation.

"What did people say?" remarked Schumann, cutting as good a watermelon as is often sold in Washington Market. "They said I was a fool."

Out of the sand, stripped of its sage brush, Mr. Schumann has raised wheat, forty bushels to the acre, or three times the average acre yield of the whole country, and two-thirds of the yield of the crack land in the Gallatin valley. He has raised oats, barley, and rye, all of excellent quality. He exhibits pumpkins, squashes, beets, carrots, and potatoes, these vegetables being larger and fuller than their kinds as we have been accustomed to see them and eat them at the East. His corn flourishes, especially some of the dentel varieties. His tomatoes are creditable. He has planted fruit trees, apple, pear, and peach, and they are doing well, but are too young to bear. The same may be said of the small fruits, the raspberries and blackberries. His melons are first-rate in flavor; a young neighbor of his, a practical farmer from Wisconsin, who followed the pioneer into the Ainsworth desert, told me that he had sold four hundred dollars worth of watermelons this season.

Mr. Schumann believes that he can add grapes to the long list of products which he cultivates with profit; in fact, he believes that anything will grow in the sage brush desert. He dug a well and struck water at twenty-eight feet, but does not irrigate his fields.

"Where does the moisture come from?" he was asked. "I don't know," said he, "unless it rains on the roots from under ground."

All this has been done in almost rainless seasons, on parallel Forty-six, the latitude of Moses Lake and Montpelier, without artificial irrigation, and in soil which thousands of the neediest emigrants had passed over with scorn. Schumann's is a single case, and it is not mentioned as typical; but the pluck of the man, the absence of anything on his part like a desire to "boom the country," and the contrast between his experiment struck me as remarkable.—New York Sun.

A Pleasant Way.

A superb rider, Mr. Thomas Jefferson exercised himself on horseback till the last year of his life. The University of Virginia was his pet scheme, and he was very proud of it as being his own achievement. At its first session I entered as a student, and Mr. Jefferson was always pleased to have us students at his table. Upon these occasions we were generally seated around the table, when Mr. Jefferson would enter and walk straight to an adjoining side table specially prepared for him, and upon which were placed two lighted candles and a small vase by his plate. He would then say: "My daughter, I perceive there are several young gentlemen at the table, but I do not see well enough to distinguish who they are, so you must tell me their names." Whereupon his daughter would lead him up to each young gentleman, who would in turn rise, when Mr. Jefferson would shake hands and pass a pleasant word with him. At the close of the repast, as his own hand was too trembling, his daughter would pour from the little vase into a tumbler a few drops of medicine to produce slumber in case he should be wakeful, and then he would take to the assembly, and retire to his bedroom. He always had company at his house, and observed the French hours for meals.—Harper's Drawer.

CONSUMPTION is the most enlightening of all phantoms.

THE HUMOROUS PAPERS.

WHAT WE FIND IN THEM TO SMILE OVER THIS WEEK.

The Old Hat—An Engineer's Love-Bill App on Spontaneous Combustion—A Singular Discovery.

A VISIT FROM MORTALS. It was after midnight. About the time when deep sleep falleth upon a man, but not upon a woman, for Mrs. Arp's case is always awake, it seems to me. I felt a gentle dig in my side from an elbow and a whispered voice said: "William, William, don't you hear that?"

"What is that?" said I. "Somebody is in the front piazza," said she. "Don't you hear him rocking in the rocking chair?" And sure enough I did. The chair would rock awhile and then stop and then rock again. "Is the gas loaded?" said she. "They are robbers, but don't shoot, don't make a noise; come to the door of the window, Mercy on us, what do they want to rob us for? Maybe they come to steal one of the children? Slip in the little room and see if he's in his bed. Don't stifle over a chair, maybe somebody is under the bed." The rocker took a start again and I had another dig in my side. "It is the wind," said I. "No, it is not," said she. "There is no wind; the window is up and the curtain don't move. They are robbers, I tell you. Hush, you better give them some money and let them go?" "I haven't got any money," said I. "It's all gone."

"Lord have mercy upon us," said she. "William, get your gun and be ready." I gently slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the window and cautiously peeped out and there was the pointer puppy sitting straight up in my wife's rocking chair and ever and anon he would lean forward and backward and put it in motion. I whispered to Mrs. Arp to come and see the four-legged robber, which she did, and in due time it was all calm and serene.

Last night there was another sensation in the back piazza, and it was sure enough feet this time, for they made a racket on the floor and moved around lively, and the floor dips in my side came thick and fast. It took me a minute to get fairly awake, and after language, "Goats, Carl's goats," and I gathered a broom and mangled 'em down the back steps. "I told you, my dear," said I, "that those goats would give us trouble; but I can stand it if you can."—Bill Arp.

ENGINEERS MAKING LOVE. Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad, Conn. Every train would whistle a salute to some fair dame, and the din grew so fearfully ear-splitting that the authorities have had it stopped.

It's noon when Thirty-five is due. An' she comes on time like a flash of light, An' you hear her whistle, "Too-too-too!" Long fore the pilot whistles in sight.

Bill Madden's driver 'em in to-day, An' he's called his sweetheart, far away—Gertrude Hunt—lives down by the mill; You might see her blushing, she knew it's Bill.

"Tudie! Tudie! Tudie! Tudie! Tudie!"

Six-toe a m. there's a local come—Makes up at Bristol, runnin' east; An' the way her whistle sings 'em home Is a livin' caution to man an' beast.

Everyone knows who Jack White calls Little Lou Woodbury down by the falls; Summer or winter, bright an' clear, She hears her lover callin' her name— "Louie! Louie! Louie!"

At six-fifty-eight you can hear Twenty-one (to the music of an' of all the screams That ever started the rick's an' John Davis sends you to your dreams.

But it don't mind it, it makes me grin—For Just down here where the creek lets in, His wife, Jerusha, can hear him yell, And she knows her husband's in the mill.

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past forty-eight years I have been the subject of an unmerciful appetite. This indulgence has gained such absolute control of me that I cannot exist four or five hours without gratifying it. In the streets, at church, during family prayers, it torments me. I struggle against it, I resolve and re-resolve to break it off, but I am weak—very weak—and finally yield. I cannot go half a day without it. No, I don't travel where I can't obtain it. It is killing me. Twenty years ago I weighed 220 pounds. Now I weigh 120. It is destroying my life, slowly but surely. I shall die of it."

"What form does this deadly dissipation take?" asked the reporter, in amazement, prepared for an appalling confession.

"Milk and milk," was the solemn and humiliating rejoinder.

HIS TURN AGAIN. "I heard on the streets that Sam Johnson glibly you a kick last night?"

"He did for a fact," Leo suffering from de office ob it yit."

"Why didn't yer kick him back?" "He?"

"Why didn't yer kick him back?" "Because dar was noly dar but us two."

"I don't see no sense in dat ar." "Yer don't? Well, I does. Dar bein' only two of us present, of I had kicked him backed, den hit would have been my turn to be kicked again right off."—Texas Siftings.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION. A blaze in the cabin of a resident of "Kaintuck" called out the engines the next day and after them came the fire marshal to investigate and report.

"Do you know how it caught?" he asked of the householder.

"Well, sah, I reckon it was dat den big folks calls sponfus combustion."

"You mean spontaneous combustion," said the 'sah'ly man, sah. Yes, sah, I reckon it was dat."

"What makes you think so?" "Well, in de first place I sent de gal up in de garret to fin' my ole bates. In de nex' place she took a candle. In de las' place she upstid de candle 'mos a lot o' newspapers an' cum skinnin' down de ladder wid her eyes as big as turnips an' tole me dat de cabin was all afire. Yes, sah, I reckon it was sponfus combustion, an' soon's we git de furnisher back in, Ise gwine to flick dat gal till she can't holle!" She order knowed dat sponfus combustion was smuthin' dat couldn't be fooled wif,"—Nashville American.

WEARING AWAY. The year is wearing old. The weather's growing cold, And soon will eastern gales rise in flocks, Flocks, flocks, flocks.

And the people wearisome Now gaze upon the skies, And speak of the autumnal equinox, 'not, 'not."

And now the parlor stove, Dumb witness of true love, Exchanged and rattled by kisses sweet, sweet, sweet.

Is to its place restored. Once more in sweet accord, Beside it youthful lovers soon will meet, meet, meet.

The winter's cold lay in, And fill up every line, Before the rise in price has begun, 'gun, 'gun, 'gun. For when the weather's cold, The dealer groweth bold.

And adds a couple of dollars to the tot, tot, tot.

Again the season's come When married men go home, And try to play the old familiar dodge, dodge, dodge.

By saying, yes, my dear, 'Tis very late, I fear, But then we've had a meeting of the lodge lodge, lodge. —Somerville Journal.

THE ENJOYMENT MAN'S REVENGE. Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt-pan.

But an idea struck him. "My friends," he cried, "I will show you some tricks."

Taking up a spoon he said, "You see does spoon?—Vell, it sees gone." "You cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You will find it in Joshua's boot."

It was found.—Lille.

SHE WAS THINKER ANY OTHER WOMAN. "There goes a nice lady."

"Yes, she seems to be so modest and quiet."

"She is that; and she's just the kind I'd like to have for a wife."

"How's that?" "Why, they say she goes to bed regular at nine o'clock every night and sleeps until her husband gets home."

"Is it possible? Why, that's remarkable. She's unlike any other woman I ever knew or heard of."

"Oh, I don't know—you see she sleeps before he gets home so that she can lecture him the balance of the night."—Ky. State Journal.

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